

# SCREAM

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1972

BLOOD-HUNT  
FOR THE  
**CANNIBAL  
WEREWOLF!**



*ONE SPARK AND DISASTER AND I  
AM IN MY SUBURBAN Q. LOOKING AT  
HIM - LIEUTANT AT HER - TALKED MY  
MOTHER INTO IT. SHE TALKED ME  
INTO HAVING ANYTHING...*

*MEL GRACIAS  
WAS DISAPPOINTED  
BY HIS OWN  
LITTLE GIRL  
WHEN HE  
SLEPT...*

*SHE SPOKE NO WORDS.  
IN THE KITCHEN, SHE  
TALKED AT BABY TO  
ME. SHE WOULD APPRECIATE  
UCH HER...*



*HER HAIR AND  
SECOND YELLOW  
AND REVERSED...*

*This Face Is the Face of  
**BERENICE***

*THE JEWE WAS  
WITHOUT LIFE...*

*MY FRIEND AND YESTERDAY  
ON GOD THEY WERE MURDERED  
IN HIS ABSENCE...*



*The masterpiece of horror by  
EDGAR Allan Poe illustrated by  
Ronald Ricardo Villamonte if it is  
the next NIGHTMARE (\*18-APRIL)  
on sale JANUARY 31*

**NIGHTMARE**  
**NIGHTMARE**

*is the companion title to*

**SCREAM**

*and is on sale bi-monthly  
at your  
HORROR-MOOD  
newsstand*

# SCREAM

In this incredible issue :

LADY SATAN is on page 4

THE DELONG BOX OF HORRORS - PAGE 17

. . . the skull of the ghoul LIVES on page 26 . . .

. . . come JOIN the CANNIBAL WEREWOLVES on page 36 . . .

. . . THE LUNATIC MUMMY will not die — on page 46 . . .

COME WITNESS **THE TALES OF NOSFERATU** unfolded on page 58

. . . AND MORE STORIES — MORE HORROR THAN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE . . .



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## THE SKULL OF THE GHOUL

**SCREAM**

WHEN THE DUSK FALLS  
SO DOES DEATH.

**THE VAMPIRE KINGDOM**

SATAN WANTS  
A CHILD



## the Lunatic Mummy



## The LEGEND of the Cannibal **WEREWOLF**

**Edgar Allan Poe  
in the Movies**

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# LADY SATAN

WRITTEN BY RONALD MORTIER  
CHAPTER 3...

ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMAYOR

...EMPEROR  
LUCIFER...

MASTER  
OF ALL  
EVIL...

COME HITHER  
TO ME...

MY  
MASTER...

...MY  
HUSBAND!

MY  
LOVER  
SATAN...

ABSON...  
TETRA-  
GRAM...

...ZEPHARIS OLYARAM.  
IRON ESYTON...

...ERYONA...  
ONERA...  
ORASYM...  
EMMANIAL...

...TE ADORO  
-- ET TE  
INVOCO...

...YOU ARE  
NOT  
**SATAN...**

...WHO  
ARE  
**YOU??**

...I AM...  
A DEMON  
WHOM SATAN  
HAS SENT IN  
HIS  
STEAD...

...BUT...  
BUT THAT WAS  
NOT MY FAULT!  
I THOUGHT  
HE HAD  
FORGIVEN  
ME!

SATAN IS  
ANGRY WITH YOU...  
THE FIARCO ON  
YOUR WEDDING  
NIGHT WAS  
OUTRAGEOUS...

WHY  
SO?

NO...  
HE HAS NOT  
FORGIVEN  
YOU!

HOW CAN  
I MAKE AN  
APOLOGY TO MY  
HUSBAND?...  
LORD LUCIFER!

MASTER  
SATAN SEEKS  
NOT YOUR  
APOLOGY, LADY  
SATAN... HE  
REQUIRES AN-  
OTHER THING  
ALTOGETHER...  
PROOF OF  
YOUR  
LOYALTY AND  
LOVE...

A PROOF?  
BUT... BUT HOW  
CAN I...

...SIMPLY...  
YOU ARE HIS WIFE... THE  
MASTER OF HELL AND OF ALL  
THE REVOLTED SPIRITS WISHES...  
PROOF... THAT YOU ARE WORTHY...

# SATAN WANTS A CHILD

A CHILD... I AM  
HONORED...  
I... I  
NEVER  
REALIZED  
MY  
HUSBAND  
DESERVES A  
CHILD...  
BUT...  
NOW?

COME TO  
HELL... HALF  
WAY TO HELL  
BY THE CAVES  
OF WOE... TO-  
MORROW NIGHT  
HE WILL MEET  
YOU... THERE  
YOU WILL  
BECOME AS  
ONE! EARTH  
AND HELL  
AS ONE...

YES...  
YES...

THE SPIRIT  
IS GONE...  
QUEEN ANNE...  
YOU ARE INDEED  
GRACED BY THE MASTER...  
YOU ARE  
TO BEAR HIS  
CHILD...

YES... AND  
IF I AM TO  
TRAVEL TO MEET MY  
HUSBAND SATAN  
TOMORROW NIGHT... I  
NOW NEED TO REST...

SO I WILL SLEEP NOW  
... WATCH OVER ME AS I  
SLEEP... FOR IF THE GIRL  
ANNE JACKSON, WHOSE  
BODY I INHABIT SHOULD  
TAKE POSSESSION OF  
IT SHE MIGHT  
RUIN MY PLANS...

YES,  
MISTRESS.

SO BE  
WARNED...  
WATCH  
ME WELL... I  
WANT NO TROUBLE  
BEFORE TOMORROW  
NIGHT...



...MMPH...  
WHERE AM  
I?...

...THESE  
CLOTHES I WEAR  
MUST BE THE ROPES OF  
THE ROTTED MIND WHICH  
INHABITS ME... I ONLY  
WISH I COULD  
DISCARD HER AS  
EASILY AS I DO  
THESE EVIL ROBES...

MMPH! I'M IN A  
CAVE WHERE I WAS FIRST  
TRANSFORMED... THIS MUST  
BE HER HEADQUARTERS... I'M  
SETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE  
THAT 1973 WITCH GIRL  
WAKES UP...

...I'M IN A  
FILTHY WITCHES'  
COVEN... THIS  
GUARD MUST BE  
ONE OF LADY  
SATAN'S  
UNDERLINGS...  
ONE OF HER  
UNHOLY  
DISCIPLES...

I...I MUST  
BE MILES AWAY...  
RUN...FOR  
HOURS...THOSE  
LIGHTS  
AHEAD...MUST  
BE  
SALEM...

WHAT USE IS IT  
FOR ME TO RUN? WHEN  
THE WITCH-QUEEN ANNE WISHES  
TO TAKE CONTROL OF MY  
BODY SHE CAN WITH  
EASE...HOW LONG  
SHE'S BEEN IN CONTROL OF  
ME...I DON'T KNOW...  
ANYTHING...

I...DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WHY I'M ALIVE...  
IF...IF I AM ALIVE!  
WHAT CAN I DO TO  
STOP HER?...WHAT HORRORS  
DOES SHE HAVE  
IN HER EVIL  
MIND  
WITHIN ME?



...MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL...

I...I'M NOT DEAD... I TWIST THE DAMN KNIFE AROUND IN MY HEART AND DO NOT DIE!!

I DON'T EVEN FEEL PAIN...

LADY! WHY DID YOU DO IT? IS THIS A GAS?

GO AWAY IDIOT...

YOUR WHOLE FACE IS DIFFERENT... I...

I SAID... GO AWAY!!

HEY! YOU'RE...NOT THE SAME AS BEFORE... YOU'VE CHANGED...

...BUT LADY... I...ONLY... WANNA HELP YOU...

AAAAAHHH...



...IT IS ABOUT  
TIME I HAD A CHILD  
ON EARTH...

YES,  
MY LORD...

SURE...

...AT THE GATES OF HELL IN THE CAVERNS OF WOE, LORD LUCIFER, SATAN VISITED HIS EARTH MASTERS...OUTSIDE THIS PLACE IN HELL...THERE WAS A GREAT RESOUNDING CRY WHICH FILLED THE HEAVENS WITH DREAD...WHILE ON EARTH THE ASPECTS OF NATURE SEEMED TO REVOLT...ALL ABOUT THE EARTH STORMS DEVASTATED COASTLINES, TORNADOES RIPPED APART PRAIRIES, RAINS DROWNED DAMS AND SNOWS BURIED TINY ARCTIC TOWNS TOO DEFENSELESS TO PROTECT A DEFENSE...EARTH AND HELL WERE MATING...



LADY SATAN...QUEEN ANNE...YOU'VE RETURNED...

WINE...WINE...

...HELP HER TO HER CHAMBERS  
THE TRIP THROUGH HALF OF HELL  
MUST HAVE EXHAUSTED  
ONE WHO IS

ONLY...  
WHO IS  
ALMOST  
HUMAN...

...SHE DOESN'T TASTE THE  
WINE...SHE IS ALREADY  
UNCONSCIOUS...SEE HOW HER  
FACE IS RELAXING...

...NOT BECAUSE  
QUEEN ANNE IS ASLEEP  
BECAUSE THE ONE  
WITHIN HER IS NOW  
STRUGGLING TO  
BE DOMINANT...

MWAHHR...  
GO TO  
FIGHT...I'M  
SO TIRED...  
SO TIRED...

...AM I...IN LADY  
SATAN'S COVEN AGAIN?...  
YOU...YOU ARE HER  
WITCHES...WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED TO ME?...I  
FEEL...SO STRANGE...  
SO WEAK, AND  
SO STRANGE...

YOU  
ARE WITH  
CHILD!

...WITH  
CHILD...  
WHAT?...  
WHAT DO YOU  
MEANT HOW IS THAT  
POSSIBLE?

ON, LORD...  
WHAT HAS HAPPENED...  
WHAT MOTHERS DO YOU  
SPEAK TO ME OF...

...YOU DO NOT  
KNOW WHO LIVES  
WITHIN YOUR VERY  
WOMB NOW?

...YOU WILL SOON BE A  
MOTHER, ANNE JACKSON...  
THE FATHER IS THE  
KING OF HELL...

OH  
HEAVEN...  
HAVE MERCY  
ON MY  
SOUL...

NEXT: THE SON OF LORD LUCIFER...

# Edgar Allan Poe in the Movies

The first truly magnificent horror film was made by D. W. GRIFFITH in 1914 - THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE, and was based on the works of EDGAR ALLAN POE . . . It featured adaptations of THE TELL-TALE HEART, WILLIAM WILSON, THE BLACK CAT, ANNABEL LEE, THE BELLS and THE CONQUEROR WORM. Though it is one of the finest horror films ever made, it is not a good adaptation of Poe. No one ever makes a good adaptation of Poe. As some critic stated: "unhappily, the master poet of the macabre mood does not transpose well to the cinematic screen, beyond the mere illustration of his classic devices". This is not true. It is true that, unhappily, he IS not transposed. It is NOT true, that he CANNOT be transposed. For all the odd dozen adaptations made, not a single screenwriter has written a better, or more commercially suitable, script than the original Poe story.

THE BLACK CAT, the 1968 Hammer Picture's adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe's famous short story, was violent . . . bloody . . . gory and weird . . . but the plotline was hardly even similar to the original classic tale of terror . . .





... Vincent Price starred in American International's 1963 HAUNTED PALACE, which was a great film - though it had nothing to do with Poe's poem of the same title ... and was in fact based on a short story by H.P. Lovecraft ...

The  
complete  
**Poe-pourri**  
of  
mysteries

THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE, 1914 (D.W. Griffith)  
MURDER IN THE RUE MORGUE, 1932 - Lagedi  
THE BLACK CAT, 1934 - Karloff-Lugosi  
THE RAVEN, 1935 - Karloff-Lugosi  
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, 1930 - Price  
THE PIT, 1960 - Brian Peck  
THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, 1961 - Price  
THE PREMATURE BURIAL, 1962 - Ray Milland  
TALES OF TERROR, 1962 - Price-Lorre-Parkhouse  
THE HAUNTED PALACE, 1963 - Price-Chaney  
THE RAVEN, 1963 - Price-Karloff-Lorre  
THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, 1964 - Price  
THE TOMB OF LIDIA, 1964 - Price  
THE BLACK CAT, 1965



... THE HOUSE OF USHER ...



... THE TOMB OF LIDEA ...



THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH  
Above: A Hazel Court screen  
Below: A Vincent Price orgy



it's very sad — it's called 'commercially necessary' — and that's what's so sad. For Poe's original stories were full of all the spicy, weird ingredients we love to see. The misguided, semi-literate producers evidently never bothered to read Poe, or this they would know.

From the very beginning, Poe's "ideas" were merely assimilated into other plots. His name was used — his story titles were mis-used. The only time he was ever given a fair chance was in Edward Abraham's 1960/62 THE PIT, featuring Brian Peck. In this short film, only one word of dialog is heard (in Poe's original story, there is no dialog at all). A critic described this film as "a genuine essay in horror" and it certainly is.

The Karloff and Lugosi Universal films: THE RAVEN (1935) and THE BLACK CAT (1934), and Lugosi's MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (1932), are exciting films — principally because of Karloff and Lugosi themselves, and Poe's devices, but not because of their half-cooked plots.

Roger Corman, for American International, made a series of Poe vehicles starring Vincent Price in the 1960's, which include: THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER (1960), THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM (1961), PREMATURE BURIAL (1961), TALES OF TERROR (1962), THE HAUNTED PALACE (1963), THE RAVEN (1963), THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH (1964), and the TOMB OF LIGEIA (1964). They are interesting, perhaps even memorable (principally due to Vincent Price, not due to Corman, we suspect, the notorious 'director-who-did-not-direct', according to





... THE BLACK CAT ...



... THE TOMB OF LIGEIA ...



... THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM ...  
- with Karloff and Lureal, 1938 -

Boris Karloff), but they are not the stories of Edgar Allan Poe. *THE HAUNTED PALACE* is really a poem, but Corman used the title and made up a plot loosely based on H.P. Lovecraft's *THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD*. *TALES OF TERROR* is a collection of 3 short stories, which Corman made funny — unless you happen to take your Edgar Allan Poe seriously — which we do.

Edgar Allan Poe was a theatrical man — in his manner, his clothes, his writing meter and writing style — it is fair to suggest he would be delighted at the idea of being transposed from print to film ... but were he alive today, to see how it's been done, he would be indignant and insulted.

As it is, he's rolling over in his grave.

**THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH** ... (American International, 1964) starred Woodie Fox and Hazel Court, and was directed by Roger Corman — this awfulness never saw release before showing in many countries — the film was exciting and powerful, but had absolutely nothing to do with Edgar Allan Poe whatever, which is a shame, considering Poe's original stories were ALWAYS better than the ones the bouchers wrote and filmed ...



SOME YEARS AGO,  
I ENGAGED  
**PASSAGE** FROM  
CHARLESTON, SOUTH  
CAROLINA, TO THE  
CITY OF NEW YORK,  
IN THE FINE PACKET-  
SHIP INDEPENDENCE OF CAPTAIN HARDY.  
ON THE PASSENGER  
LIST I WAS REJOICED  
TO SEE SEVERAL  
OF MY  
ACQUAINTANCES,  
AMONG THEM  
**CORNELIUS WATT**,  
A YOUNG ARTIST,  
AND A CLOSE  
FRIEND...



I OBSERVED  
HIS NAME WAS  
CARDED UPON  
**THREE**  
STATE-ROOMS  
AND FOUND  
THAT HE HAD  
ENGAGED  
PASSAGE FOR  
HIMSELF, WIFE  
AND TWO  
SISTERS (HIS  
OWN). WHAT  
I FOUND QUITE  
**REMARKABLE**  
WAS THE NEED  
FOR **THREE**  
ROOMS FOR  
JUST **4**  
PERSONS.



AT FIRST I  
CONCLUDED  
IT WAS A  
**SERVANT'S**  
QUARTERS.  
BUT THEN I  
BEGAN TO  
THINK OF HIS  
**OCCUPATION**  
AND DEDUCED  
IT WAS FOR  
**EXTRA**  
**BAGGAGE** IN  
THE FORM OF  
A PRICELESS  
**PAINTING**...



ON THE DAY WE  
SAILED I SAW THE  
**BOX** BROUGHT  
ABOARD AND MY  
SUSPICIONS WERE  
**CONFIRMED**  
(OBVIOUSLY IT  
WAS A PAINTING)  
IT WAS ABOUT 6  
FEET IN LENGTH—  
BY TWO AND A  
HALF IN BREADTH—  
BUT EVEN ITS ENTRY  
INTO THE SHIP  
WAS OF SOME  
MYSTERY TO ME,  
FOR IT WAS NOT  
PUT INTO THEIR  
"SPARE-ROOM" AT  
ALL, BUT INTO HIS  
**OWN CABIN**.  
SUCH MYSTERIES  
**COMPOUNDED**  
THROUGHOUT MY  
TRIPS AS I AM NOW  
BOUND TO TELL AS  
I BEGIN MY TALE OF



AS WYATT'S PARTY  
BOARDED I WAS  
INTRODUCED  
AROUND... THERE  
WERE THE TWO  
SISTERS, THE  
BRIDE, AND THE  
ARTIST--THE  
LATTER IN ONE  
OF HIS  
CUSTOMARY  
FITS OF MOODY  
MISANTHROPY...  
MRS. WYATT WAS  
CLOSELY VEILED  
AND WHEN SHE  
REMOVED IT SHE  
**ASTONISHED**  
ME, FOR SHE WAS  
DECIDEDLY **PLAIN**,  
IF NOT POSITIVELY  
**UGLY**.



WE THEN SET OUT TO SEA... AND FOR THE FIRST FEW DAYS WE HAD FINE WEATHER... MRS. WYATT MINGLED WITH THE OTHERS ON BOARD, BUT WYATT KEPT ENTIRELY TO HIMSELF WITHIN HIS ROOM...



MRS. WYATT AMUSED US ALL VERY MUCH... I SAY "AMUSED" AND SCARCELY KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN MYSELF... THE TRUTH IS SHE WAS LAUGHED AT NOT WITH...



THE GENTLEMEN SAID **LITTLE** ABOUT HER, BUT THE LADIES PROFOUNDLY HER A GOOD HEARTED THING, RATHER INDIFFERENT-LOOKING, **TOTALLY UNEDUCATED** AND DECIDEDLY **VULGAR**... I COULD NOT IMAGINE HOW A MAN LIKE WYATT, AN ARTIST SO **SENSITIVE TO BEAUTY**, COULD MARRY SOMEONE SO GROTESQUE IN BOTH **BEAUTY AND MANNER**

...WYATT CAME OUT AFTER A FEW DAYS AND TALKED WITH ME... NATURALLY I ASKED HIM ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE OBLONG BOX. AND SAID SOMETHING ABOUT: "THE PECULIAR SHAPE OF THE BOX".



AS I SPOKE THE WORDS, I SMILED 'KUCHUKLY', WILKED AND TOUCHED HIM GENTLY WITH MY FOREFINGER IN THE RIBS. PRESUMING HE'D LAUGH AND ADMIT IT WAS

LEONARDO'S GOD SHAPED 'LAST SUPPER' OR SOME SUCH VALUABLE. BUT HIS ONLY REPLY WAS ASTONISHMENT.



HIS FACE GREW VERY RED, THEN PALE, AND HE LAUGHED TILL I THOUGHT HE WOULD EXPLODE. THEN HE FELL FLAT AND HEAVILY UPON THIS DECK.

...AND WHEN I RAN TO UPLIFT HIM,

TO ALL APPEARANCES HE WAS DEAD.



"WHY DID YOU BECOME SO-UPSET. I ONLY INQUIRED AFTER YOUR PAINTING!"



LEAVE ME ALONE I TELL YOU...



“WYATT WENT TO HIS STATEROOM THEN AND I DIDN'T SEE HIM FOR DAYS... BUT THAT NIGHT I SAW SOMETHING VERY CURIOUS TO EXPLAIN THE EXTRA ROOM I SAW MRS. WYATT ENTER IT JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT...



“THE NEXT NIGHT I OBSERVED SAME THING. AND ON THIS OCCASION I PEEDED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE TO SEE WYATT IN CONVULSIVE AGONY OVER WHAT (I COULD NOT SEE) WAS IN THE BOX...



“I CREST UP TO WYATT'S DOOR AND HEARD HIM WITHIN FIRST THERE WAS THE SOUND OF A MALLET AND CHISEL, OBVIOUSLY OPENING THE OBLONG BOX... THEN THE NOISES OF HIS SOBING, OR MURMURING WHICH LASTED UNTIL DAYBREAK!



“THE NEXT DAY THE SEAS TURNED ROUGH AND A GALE ENVELOPED US... THEN A HURRICANE WHICH SPLIT US TO RIBBONS... TOSSING US ABOUT HOPELESSLY. WE WEATHERED THIS STORM FOR 24 HOURS, LOST THREE MEN AND WERE ABOUT TO GIVE OURSELVES UP TO GOD WHEN THE MIZZEN-MAST IN A HEAVY LURCH TO WINDWARD, CRASHED DOWN UPON THE DECK, PRACTICALLY TOPPLING US ON OUR SIDE...

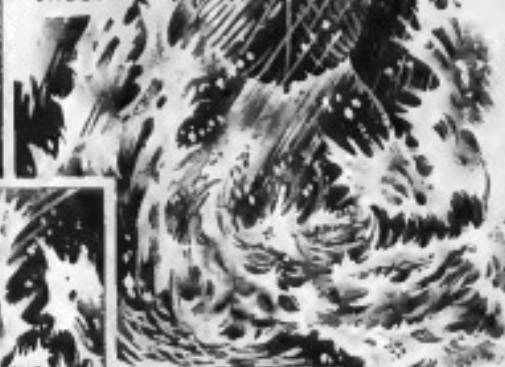


**WE HELD...AND THE GALE HELD...WE ATTEMPTED TO LIGHTEN OUR LOAD BY THROWING OVERBOARD AS MUCH OF THE CARGO AS COULD BE REACHED. BUT SHE WAS LEAKING AND WATER WAS GUSHING IN FURIOUSLY INTO THE HOLD...**



**AT SUNDOWN, THE GALE HAD DIMINISHED IN VIOLENCE AND, AS THE SEA WENT DOWN WITH IT,**

**WE STILL ENTERTAINED HOPES OF SAVING OURSELVES... THANKFULLY AIDED BY A FULL MOON...**



**WE LAUNCHED A LONG-BOAT AND CROWDED EVERYONE INTO IT.**

**IT WAS A MYSTERY IT DID NOT SWAMP THE SECOND IT TOUCHED WATER...**



**NO SOONER HAD WE PUSHED OURSELVES AWAY FROM THE SINKING SHIP THAN WHATT SEEMED TO AWAKE FROM A TRANCE AND JUMPED UP SCREAMING, ALMOST CAPSIZING US...**



**I MUST GO BACK. I MUST GO BACK...**



**ARE YOU MAD WHATT? SIT DOWN FOR GOD'S SAKE**

THE BOX... THE BOX I SAY! CAPTAIN HARDY, YOU CANNOT YOU WILL NOT REFUSE ME... ITS WEIGHT WILL BE BUT A TRIFLE... IT IS NOTHING... MERE NOTHING...

BY THE MOTHER WHO BORE YOU FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN... BY YOUR HOPE OF SALVATION... I IMPLORE YOU TO PUT BACK FOR THE BOX...



THE CAPTAIN,  
FOR A  
MOMENT,  
SEEMED  
TOUCHED BY  
THE EARNEST  
APPEAL OF  
THE ARTIST,  
BUT HE  
REGAINED  
HIS STERN  
COMPOSURE.

WHITT  
INDEED  
SPRANG  
FROM THE  
BOAT AND  
RETURNED  
TO THE SHIP.



"HE WOULD SAY MORE INDICATING RESPECT FOR THE WIFE AND SISTERS OF THE DECEASED ON BOARD. WE LANDED AFTER 4 DAYS OF INTENSE DISTRESS.

AND I BEGAN TO THINK I WOULD NEVER LEARN WHAT WAS IN IT..."



WATT WAS FRANTIC WITH GRIEF... BUT CIRCUMSTANCES FORBade PUTTING OFF HIS NEW YORK TRIP.

NOW AS YOU KNOW, NO PASSEGER WOULD HAVE TRAVELED UPON MY SHIP KNOWING A CORPSE WAS ABOARD... THUS... SHE WAS CONCEALED WITHIN THE BOX... HER COFFIN...



A MONTH LATER, I RAN ACROSS THE CAPTAIN AND AS WE Lunched HE TOLD THE STORY OF THE BOX...



THE CAPTAIN EXPLAINED HE HAD PACKAGED THE CORPSE WITH A QUANTITY OF SALT TO PREVENT ITS DECOMPOSITION... AND THUS THE SIMPLE MYSTERY OF THE OBLONG BOX IS EXPLAINED...



"MY OWN MISTAKE WAS THE PROBLEM... MY DISCOVERY OF ONLY SOME OF THE FACTS DURING THE VOYAGE... BUT NOW THAT I KNOW ALL I SHUDOVA!! FOR I HEARD WATT'S INSANE GAMBERING AND WHIMPERING AND SOBBING IN HIS CABIN. I SAW HIS CONVULSIONS... I AM THE ONLY UNFORTUNATE PERSON WHO CAN CONJECTURE WHAT MADNESS, WHAT HORRORS DID HE COMMIT INSIDE HIS CABIN COME THE NIGHT!"



"THE WOMAN YOU KNEW AS MRS. WATT WAS NOT... SHE WAS ONLY A SERVANT PLAYING THE ROLE. THE DAY OF THE VOYAGE WATT'S WIFE DIED... SHE WAS INDEED A LOVELY, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN..."

ARCHAIC  
**SCREAM**  
 ANNOUNCEMENTS



... a special COMICS OPINION by reader DAVE SIM of Kitchener, Ontario who is commenting on the COMICS OPINION of JACK MONINGER which appeared in PSYCHO #15 . . .

"For some time now, comic fans of all ages have been complaining that comic books do not have wide acceptance. They are not considered an art form . . . parents, teachers, and psychiatrists agree that they are garbage . . . an unnecessary and demeaning part of the average child's reading material.

"However, one must consider what would happen if comic books did gain wide acceptance for the art that they are . . . society on the newsstands would increase. If you think that your favorite title is hard to find today . . . what would it be like if every adult who reads the local newspaper, were to pick up PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE, SCREAM and countless others? (That's a problem we should HAVE . . . editor.)

"I personally enjoy the "underground" quality of comic reading. No one really knows how many times there are of comic art unless they ARE a fan . . . a good portion of the population of Canada and the U.S. are even unaware that there ARE here (as can be seen by newspaper articles like "BLASPHEMY POW - Comics No longer fit the kiddies").

"As long as you are lucky enough to have parents who will let you buy comics (no matter what they think of them), as long as there are comic conventions and libraries, there is no need to introduce hostile readers to comic books . . . there are enough open-minded people around who would read a comic book without having to be tied to a chair . . ."

opinion - DAVE SIM



my favorite story this issue is :

comment :

name : \_\_\_\_\_

age : \_\_\_\_\_

address :

city n' other :

mail to : SKYWORLD BEST STORY  
 Skyworld Publishing Corporation  
 18 East 41st Street, Rm 1501  
 New York City, N.Y. 10017

SCREAM #6



# IS BACK

AND IT'S WEIRDER  
THAN EVER

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. . . this is the weird cover story writer . . .

EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY

## ANALYSING AN EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED PERSON

It's not EASY to analyse an emotionally-disturbed writer like Emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY, whose weird cover story this issue is one of a long line of weird stories soon to be published like THE BURIAL VAULT OF PRIMAL, ELD and THE CRIME IN SATAN'S CRYPT. However, we can start by saying the guy lives on the edge of a swamp, with real estate and adolescent children. Wife Dreadfully-emotionally-disturbed Donna, and daughter extremely-emotionally-ascetic Eva, attempt to shake him daily, but have been unsuccessful to date. Ed has been asleep since 1944 when he was attacked near Tainan in the Yellow Sea by a squad of 500 giant bugs. Despite this, Ed is an interesting fellow, and with editor Archaic Al has spent many a pleasant evening watching things exit the swamp nearby his house. As Ed spires such "thing" he yells, "Hi Uncle Joe" or "Hi Uncle Frank" . . . nobody knows exactly what those mutterings mean but — than again — we don't really WANT to know. Drop Ed a note c/o SKYWALD and let him know if you enjoyed his cover story: THE LEGEND OF THE CANNIBAL WEREWOLVES.

- ARCHAIC AL -



...THIS IS 1890... THE SCENE IS A MACABRE MARSH NEAR BARCELONA IN SPAIN... THE NIGHT IS WET AND FETID... NOT A NIGHT FOR MAN OR BEAST...



...UNLESS... THE BEAST IS A BAT...



...AND THE MAN IS A WOMAN...



...AND WITH THIS AWKWARDNESS AS CLOUDY AND OBSCURE AS OUR STORY THUS FAR, SO WE START OUR SALE:

# THE SKULL OF THE GHOUL

...LOOK CLOSELY NOW AT THIS SCENE... IS IT AS IT SEEMS? OR, IS IT SOMETHING DECEIVINGLY... THE ANSWER FOLLOWS AS PART ONE OF OUR 2-PART TALE BEGINS (COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE) SO GRAB HOLD OF YOUR SENSE OF REASON BECAUSE IN THIS MACABRE-MIND-DESTROYING-TALE **NOTHING IS AS IT SEEMS...**

WRITTEN BY ALAN RENFRO  
ILLUSTRATED BY DUSTY DAVIS

## ...SHE CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR...



...THE DRIVER'S DEATH WAS A STROKE OF LUCK...  
IF HE HADN'T DECIDED TO ONE OF OLD AGE THEN  
TODAY I WOULD'VE BEEN MY LAST NIGHT  
OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF PRISON...

...BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP A  
GOOD GIRL DOWN...

...I'M FREE AGAIN... THE HEAT RACKET  
I GET INTO HAS GOT TO BE A LITTLE MORE  
ELECTRIFYING THAN THE CRIME THAT ALMOST  
GOT ME 20 YEARS... I WASN'T CUT OUT  
TO BE A CON-ARTIST  
ANYMORE...

...RIGHT NOW I MUST  
THINK WHAT TO DO  
TONIGHT...

...THOSE LIGHTS IN THE  
DISTANCE LOOK SO ROMANTIC AND  
INVITING... AND IF I PLAY MY  
CARDS RIGHT IT MAY BE AN  
EXCELLENT PLACE TO STAY  
TONIGHT...

HELP ME...  
SOMEONE  
HELP...  
...PLEEESE...

WHAT'S WRONG?  
WHAT IS IT?

...MY DRIVER... HAD  
A HEART ATTACK... HE'S  
DEAD... I WAS ON MY  
WAY TO MARCIAHOLM...

...ALONE...

...YES  
ALONE... EXCEPT  
FOR MY DRIVER.  
BUT... BUT NOW  
HE'S DEAD!

...I WILL ATTEND TO  
YOUR COACH WOMAN...  
LOOK TO THE DOORWAY  
THERE...

...THE COUNTESS  
IS WAITING TO  
GREET YOU...

...THE  
COUNTESS?...

...I AM COUNTESS  
SOSTREES...

...WELCOME TO SOSTREES MANOR  
YOU ARE OUR GUEST...  
...COME... DON'T STAND THERE IN THE  
COLD OF THIS AWFUL NIGHT...  
COME IN... TAKE THE CHILL OUT  
OF YOUR BONES CHILD...

...VISITORS ARE ALWAYS  
WELCOME HERE...

...NOW BEGINS PART TWO OF OUR TALE...

# ...SHE DIED UPON A DECREPIT DAWN...

MY MY... WHAT  
A BEAUTIFUL ROOM...  
SO MANY  
VALUABLE  
THINGS ARE HERE...

...COUNTLESS SOUVENIRS...  
...THANK YOU FOR EXTENDING  
YOUR HAND TO ME IN MY TIME  
OF TROUBLE...

NOT AT ALL MY  
DEAR... COME IN...  
WARM YOURSELF...  
WOULD YOU CARE  
FOR SOME FOOD  
... SOME WINE?

...IF IT'S NO  
TROUBLE  
COUNTESS...  
...I'M  
FRAMISHED...

...YES...

...THEY ARE MY ONLY REAL  
COMPANY... HAWKOO, THE DWARF  
WHO GREETED YOU IS NOT MUCH  
FOR COMPANIONSHIP IN THIS  
DESOLATE PLACE...

WELL... WHY  
DO YOU LIVE  
HERE THEN  
COUNTESS?

...IT WAS LEFT TO ME  
IN AN INHERITANCE...

I DON'T KNOW WHY I DON'T  
MOVE... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO  
KEEP THE PLACE CLEAN OR...

...AH... I SEE YOU ADMIRING  
MY MOST VALUABLE  
POSSESSION...

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN? DRACULA  
WAS ONLY A... MYTH...  
A SUPERSTITION...

...WHAT AS IT  
COUNTESS?...

...IT'S  
**MACABRE**...

...IT IS THE  
SKULL OF  
DRACULA!

WHAT?

...BUT THERE ARE OTHERS  
WHO KNOW THAT DRACULA  
WAS AS REAL AS YOU AND I...  
A FIEND WHO LIVED CENTURIES  
AGO IN WALLACHIA... KNOWN  
NOW AS TRANSYLVANIA...

...OH DRACULA WAS REAL ENOUGH...  
...AND HE WAS A KWAHHVIRE SURE  
ENOUGH...

...AND THIS...  
IS HIS  
SKULL...

SO SAY  
SOME...

IT IS MY MOST  
VALUABLE  
POSSESSION...

...IT WOULD  
BE WORTH  
MILLIONS TO  
THE RIGHT  
COLLECTOR...

HOWEVER... I'VE  
BEEN NEGLECTFUL...  
LET ME GET YOU  
THE FOOD AND WINE  
I OFFERED...

...AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOUR  
ROOM IS PREPARED FOR THE NIGHT...  
MARDO WILL DRIVE YOU ON TO  
BARCELONA IN THE MORNING...

...THIS CENTURY-OLD THING IS MAGNIFICENT...  
...IT DOES INDEED NEAR TURN MY STOMACH TO  
LOOK AT IT BUT... BY GOD IT'S BEAUTIFUL IN A  
DECADENT KIND OF WAY...

...I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A  
WAY TO TAKE THIS FROM THE  
COUNTERS... I HAVE... A... 'MAN'...  
I KNOW IN BARCELONA WHO WILL  
SELL IT FOR ME...

HERE MY DEAR...  
NOW EAT... DRINK...  
AND FORGET YOUR  
WORRIES...

...IF I CAN TAKE FULL  
ADVANTAGE OF THIS  
SITUATION... I CAN PRONCE  
MYSELF WITH AN ALTERNATIVE  
TO IMPRISONMENT...

...WERE I TO CONTINUE  
AS I AM NOW, I WOULD  
SURELY BE CAUGHT IN  
TIME...

...BUT WHERE I TO BE  
ENDOWED WITH A  
FORTUNE FROM THE SAGE  
OF THIS WRETCHED SMALL  
I COULD -- ESCAPE  
TO ANOTHER COUNTRY...

YOU ARE  
SO KIND  
COUNTER...

...SO VERY...  
VERY... KIND...

...AND THERE IS ONLY  
ONE WAY TO DO THAT  
... TO LEAVE BEFORE  
THEY WOULD HAVE  
REASON TO SUSPECT  
ME...DURING THE NIGHT...

...I MUST FIRST  
CAPTURE THE  
SKULL...

THEN I'LL  
RELEASE A HORSE  
FROM THE STABLE  
... THE COUNTESS  
CLAIMS SHE LIVES  
ALONE WITH THE  
DWARF... SO  
THERE SHOULD BE  
NO-ONE TO  
CONTEND WITH...

NOW... I NEED A PLAN  
OF ESCAPE FROM THIS  
SWAMP-MASSAGE CHIE  
I CAPTURE THE SKULL...

... I NEED TO KNOW  
HOW I CAN ESCAPE  
WITHOUT AROUISING  
SUSPICION...

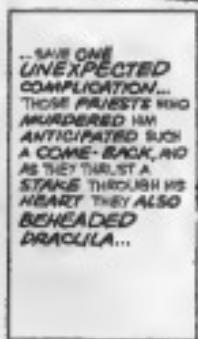
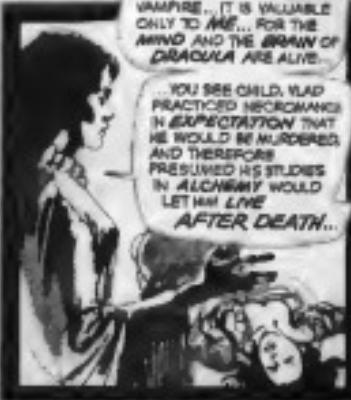
...I CAN MAKE GOOD  
MY ESCAPE INTO THE  
NIGHT BEFORE  
ANYONE IS ANY THE  
WISER...

...AND IF I  
SHOULD MEET  
OPPOSITION FROM  
THE COUNTESS OR  
THE DWARF...

IT WILL BE THEIR  
MISFORTUNE...  
NOT MINE...

...FOR THIS PISTOL I STOLE FROM THE GUARD  
WHEN I KILLED HIM WILL SERVE AS MY ACCOMPLICE...







WELL... ON THIS MORN  
I HAVE YOURS CHILD.

BUT.. ON OTHER NIGHTS  
IT IS NOT SO PLENTIFUL...  
IT IS USUALLY OLD BLOOD  
OFTEN DISEASED AND  
NEAR ROTTED BY  
LIQUOR...

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...

...YOUR BLOOD WILL BE MUCH  
FRESHER THAN THE OLD MEN I AM  
USED TO...

...OLD  
MEN?...

...MY USUAL DIET IS  
THE INFREQUENT PASSERBY  
ON THE NEAREST HIGHWAY...  
USUALLY JUST AN OLD MAN  
DRIVING A COACH...

...LIKE YOUR COACHMAN  
LAST NIGHT...

...MY GOD...  
IT WAS YOU...

...AND NOW... IF YOU WILL  
FORGIVE ME... THE MASTER  
AND I ARE A LITTLE RUSHED FOR  
TIME, FOR EVEN NOW THE  
DAWN BEGINS AND SOONLY  
WE MUST TAKE OUR REST.

...SO PLEASE STRUGGLE...  
LET US ENJOY YOUR YOUTH  
AND VITALITY...

...NOW?

...YES... NOW  
MASTER...



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# The LEGEND of the Cannibal WEREWOLF

WRITTEN BY AD PERRY ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLALOBOS

YES, YES!! THE  
FINEST HUNT OF MY  
CAREER, 'TWAS! NEVER  
EXPERIENCED A MORE  
INTELLIGENT  
ANIMAL!

UNPOUBTEDLY, THIS  
ADVANCED INSTINCT  
STEMS FROM ITS OBVIOUS,  
PRIMITIVE HUMAN  
CHARACTERISTICS...  
HYENA AND  
HUMAN...

HOLD IT  
RIGHT THERE,  
SIR PERCY...  
GOT IT!

CHUCK!

A STRANGE  
HYBRID MAN  
TAKEN FROM THE  
DARKEST AFRICA!  
THE READERS WILL  
LOVE IT. TELL US  
OF THE HUNT!



"AYE, 'T WAS BUT TWO YEARS PAST, THAT MYSELF AND A STREAM OF BANYAN PORTERS BLADED AND TRUDGED THROUGH THE EMERALD JUNGLE OF THE NORTHERN CONGO.

"AS A MONTH OF TOILS ECLIPSED, WE CAME UPON THE WAMBUTU VILLAGE. I HAD HOPED TO FIND THE ONE WHO COULD ANSWER MY QUESTIONS."

WATEITA!  
WATEITA!



YOU SAY  
THAT IS THE  
PLACE WHERE  
I SHALL FIND  
THEM!



"AS I PUSHED THE SABLE SKIN TO ONE SIDE, I SAW AN ELDERLY MAN, SURROUNDED BY GODDESSSES OF HUMAN BEAUTY! WATEITA, THE TOOTHLESS TRIBAL ELDER, THE POSSESSOR OF SECRETS, GUARDIAN OF ELDRITCH ANSWERS!"

"THROUGHOUT THE STILL AND SWARL-SHROUDED NIGHT HE SPOKE! MANY TIMES HE CAME TO A DEATHLY ABERRATION WAS PUNCTUATED WITH A MASK OF FEAR THAT SPREAD ACROSS HIS ANCIENT VISAGE, AND WHEN THE FIRST DAST RAYS OF THE ORANGE AFRICAN SUN SEEPED ACROSS THE JUNGLE, I DEPARTED..."



"THAT VERY AFTERNOON WE DISCOVERED THE FIRST CLAW AND PAD TRACKS OF OUR FEARLESS GAME..."



"WATUTA SPOKE ONLY WITH HIS EYES, AND EVEN THEY WERE MUTE!"

"I SAW THE STAIN OF FEAR SPREAD... THEY SENSED POSSIBLE SLAUGHTER AHEAD! SOON THE NIGHT WOULD COME... THEIR FEARS WOULD GROW..."



ZABUNDA!!  
ZABUNDAA!!

KKARRUU  
KKARRUU  
KKARRUU

"WITH GREAT ANXIETY  
AND DETERMINATION,  
MY SENSES REELED...  
THE NIGHT USHERED  
ME TO DEEP AND  
FATHOMLESS SLEEP...  
AND I DID NOT HEAR  
THE CONMOTION  
OUTSIDE..."

"THE NEXT MORNING..."

GONE!  
EVERY ONE  
OF THEM! MAY  
THEIR GODS TAKE  
AND PROTECT  
THEM... THOSE  
COVRADE  
FOOLS!

WHO NEEDS THEM?

I SHALL  
CAPTURE THE  
BEAST...  
ALONE!

STRANGE,  
HOW THE  
JUNGLE  
QUIET...

SOME-  
THING IS  
ABOUT!

KKRAAKK!  
KKRAAKK!

HUNNNH??

WHAT  
THE HELL  
WAS  
THAT?

"TOO LATE DID I SEE THOSE DUAL  
PITS OF HATRED WATCHING ME...  
TOO LATE!"

AAARGHHH

KKRAAAGHHHH  
HHHRRROOOAAA

BAMMAM

"I WAS  
ENVELOPED  
WITHIN A  
FETID MIST OF  
EXCREMENT,  
MATTED  
HAIR, AND  
CHARNEL  
BREATH!"

THERE'S ONLY  
ONE CHANCE...  
I'VE GOT TO  
REACH  
THAT...  
GUN!!

TH-THOSE  
EYES! TH-THEY  
LOOK ALMOST  
HUMAN!!

"THEN FOR ONCE,  
STILLNESS REIGNED  
SUPREME WITHIN  
THE JUNGLE GREENS—  
WHILE A MUTE  
EYE OFFERED  
REST TO A  
WEARY FEY!"

RAAUGHH

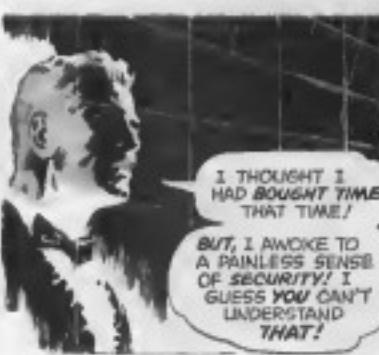
GRRAUGHH

GRAAUGHH

RRAAUUGHH

AAARGHHHH





I THOUGHT I  
HAD BOUGHT TIME  
THAT TIME!

BUT, I AWOKE TO  
A PAINLESS SENSE  
OF SECURITY! I  
GUESS YOU CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND  
THAT!



I GUESS ONE  
COULD SAY THAT I  
BECAME LINKED  
TO THAT BEAUTIFUL  
FURRED CREATION

...BODY AND  
BLOOD...IF NOT  
SPIRIT AND  
SOUL...



I THINK THAT  
DRINK DID BOTH  
OF YOU  
WONDERS...

RELAXED YOUR  
MINDS, YOUR  
LUNGS AND  
STILLED YOUR  
HEARTS!



I KNEW THE LOOK  
IN THOSE EYES WERE ALMOST  
HUMAN... IT WAS NOT THE  
TARNISHED GAZE OF HATE  
I SAW IN THEIR DEPTHS... BUT  
ONE OF LOVE!



SHE HAD NO DESIRE  
TO KILL ME!



ALL SHE DESIRED  
WAS A...

MATE!!

A STRANGE TINGLING SENSATION AROUSES WITHIN  
THE MOUTH, AND LUST OF CARRION DEVOURS REASON,  
THE MOUTH SALIVATES AS STIFF FLESH IS PRESSED  
TO HUNGER-RIDDEN LIPS...THE AROMA OF A  
HIDEOUS FEAST FILLS THEIR NOSTRILS...A FLESHY  
FRAGMENT IS LOLLED ACROSS A BROAD TONGUE  
AND ITS FLAVOR IS TYPED BY PERVERTED  
TASTE BUDS...

**GRAAGHHHH**  
**RRAAGHHH**  
**GGRRAGHH**  
**RRAGHH**  
**RRAAGGHH**  
**GRRAAGHH**  
**GRAAAGGG**  
**GRAAAGHH**



...IT IS...  
**GOOD!!**

...MAN, IT IS SAID, IS USUALLY AT HIS *BEST* WHEN HE'S ALONE...



...THE TROUBLE WITH MAN, IT IS SAID, IS THAT USUALLY HE IS FOUND IN GROUPS...

WRITTEN BY RONALD ABREUSSO  
ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR LOPEZ

...THIS IS EMMANUEL HUMPHREY... AND HE IS NOW ALONE...

I...I...I...  
I...OH GIVE ME A HOME'S  
ETC.

WHERE THE  
BUFFALO ROAM...

...AND THE  
DEER AND THE  
COCKROACHES  
I...PLAY...



© 1968, 1973

...NOTHIN' LIKE THE  
WILD BLUE OPEN  
DESERT WHEN  
YOU WANNA BE  
ALONE FOR  
A WHILE...

...NOTHIN'  
LIKE IT...  
...NOTHIN'  
LIKE IT...  
...NO SIREE  
— NOTHIN'  
LIKE IT...

...GETTIN' DARK...  
GUESS I'D BETTER FIND  
SOME TREES OR AN  
OASIS TO BED DOWN  
FOR TH' NIGHT...



MY GOD JESUS!

...WHAT THE  
HELL IS  
THIS?

RESTRAIN  
HIM!

WHAT THE  
HELL IS  
GOING  
ON?

HARMLESS  
FARMHANDS  
HORNHEAD  
HEED US!!

...ON THIS, YOUR  
ANNIVERSARY,  
EFFENDI HARMLESS  
WE PRESENT YOU  
OUR OFFERING.  
...THIS MAN...THIS  
HUMAN...

ARE YOU GUYS  
NUTS? WHAT  
THE HELL DO  
YOU THINK YOU'RE  
DOING?











...PERHAPS...  
...PERHAPS NOT...  
...WHAT DOES IT MATTER, P...







...SEVERAL YEARS AGO TWO YOUNG NEWSPAPER REPORTERS WERE VACATIONING IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE MOUNTAINS **ANDES** IN **PERU**... THEIR NAMES WERE THOMSON AND WINKLES... WHAT THEY DISCOVERED... OR... WHAT THEY **SAY** THEY DISCOVERED... IS WHAT THIS REPORTS ALL ABOUT...



THOMSON  
WINKLES

...CONCLUSIONS WHICH WERE SUBSTANTIATED WHEN THEY COLLECTED AND PIECED TOGETHER SKELETONS OF ITS SO-CALLED "INHABITANTS"...

...THEY CLAIMED TO HAVE DISCOVERED A WRETCHED, HALF-BURIED CITY HIDDEN IN AN OBSCURE VALLEY... IT WAS NOT A BIG CITY, THEY WROTE, BUT IT WAS THE STRANGEST PLACE THEY'D EVER SET EYES ON... FOR AFTER STUDYING THE NATURE OF THE RUINS, THEY CAME UPON SEVERAL DISTURBING CONCLUSIONS...



...THIS IS AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THOSE CONCLUSIONS...

...THEY CLAIMED THE CITY WAS POPULATED BY AN ADVANCED CIVILIZATION... FAR MORE MATURATED THAN OURS, IN TERMS OF CULTURE, IF NOT TECHNOLOGY... BUT A SOCIETY DEVOTED TO EVIL...

...ITS CITIZENS WERE A RACE OF MUTATED HUMANS WHO WERE UNQUOTEEDLY VAMPIRES... THEY WERE CLOSER TO BATS THAN HUMANS, FOR THEY HAD GROWNS ON THEIR SHOULDERS ENABLING FLIGHT... WERE ALMOST TOTALLY BLIND... AND EXISTED THROUGH A BLOOD-DIET DERIVED, PRESUMABLY, BY PERIODIC VISITS TO NEIGHBORING TOWNS AND CITIES AT NIGHT...



...HOW OR WHY THE CIVILIZATION DIED THEY DID NOT SPECULATE... AND **WILL** NOT...

...**WILL** NOT... FOR THEY **CANNOT...** **MEEKES** AND **THOMSON** NEVER LEFT THAT JUNGLE **ALIVE**...

...WHILE **RETURNING** TO **LIMA** THEY WERE ATTACKED BY SOME KIND OF VICIOUS ANIMALS... ANIMALS TOO POWERFUL TO BE EVEN WOUNDED BY THEIR REPEATED GUNFIRE...



...WHAT IT WAS THAT ATTACKED THEM IS UNKNOWN... THEY WERE FOUND BESIDE THEIR **EMPTY** SHELTER, THE FILM IN THEIR CAMERAS WAS SPORADIC BECAUSE OF THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN SUN, BUT THEIR STORY SURVIVED IN DOCUMENTS FOUND IN THEIR **KNAPSACKS**... THEY WERE NEWSPAPER REPORTERS... AND THEY RECORDED THEIR STORY **WELL** IN THEIR **WANT** NOTES OF THEIR EXPERIENCE...

...BUT IT LEADS TO **SPECULATION** ON OUR PART...

...ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF LOCAL PERUVIAN SUPERSTITIONS IS ABOUT A **MAN-BAT**! A THING THAT ATTACKS HUMANS BY NIGHT... A THING THAT IS UNDENIABLY A VAMPIRE... AND A KIND OF BAT, TOO ARROGANT TO BE ANYTHING BUT MUTATED...

...PERHAPS THE **MAN-BAT** IS REALLY A SURVIVOR OF THE VAMPIRE-KINSHOON... PERHAPS HE IS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO SURVIVE... AND PERHAPS... JUST PERHAPS... THERE IS ANOTHER CITY SOMEWHERE HIDDEN... WHERE ITS INHABITANTS ARE NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS, THAN **HUMAN-VAMPIRE BATS**...



...CHAPTER FOUR OF THE TALES OF MOSPERATU BEGINS HERE...

MOSPERATU IS THIS THING IN HEROIC HUMAN-SIZE...  
WITHIN THIS DECEIVING BODY IS A MIND AT ONCE WEIRD  
AND DISTURBED... SO FEARED THAT A SINGLE COMMAND  
FROM MOSPERATU CAN SUMMON THE DEAD OUT OF  
THEIR GRAVES TO COME TELL HIM THEIR MACABRE TALES...

WRITTEN BY ALAN RIVETSON I ILLUSTRATED BY ZEBAR

—THIS IS RUSSIAN  
ANTON DUBCHER,  
COMES TO TELL HIS  
STORY OF HIS DAYS  
AS A PRISON CAMP  
COMMANDER IN  
SIBERIA... HE WEARS  
THE HUNK OF A PIE...



—THIS IS BRAZILIAN  
SEÑOR RAMON  
WOLSE... ONCE A  
BENCHMAN TREASURE  
HUNTER—HE DIED  
WHILE SALVAGING  
SPANISH GOLD  
FROM THE WRECK  
OF A SWIMMING  
GALLEON...



—JACQUES  
DUPOIN FROM  
FRANCE... HE CAME  
OUT OF THE PARIS  
SEIVERS AND  
WORE THE MASK  
OF A RAT TO NEED  
MOSPERATU'S  
CALL...



—THIS IS THE ONCE-  
FAMED WOLF  
OF MADRID...  
FERNANDO DOMA  
OF SPAIN WEARING  
THE HEAD OF A  
WOLF...





...SIR RONALD  
EDWARDS... THE  
FAVORED CAT  
BUTLER OF  
LONDON IN  
ENGLAND...

NORSE  
HEIMDALL...  
BATHIST CULT  
LEADER IN HIS  
HOMELAND OF  
GERMANY  
-- HE WEARS THE  
MASK OF A GOAT!



ANTIE MAE  
DUNNIE -- FROM  
DOWN-UNDER  
AUSTRALIA --  
A MASS  
MURDERER --  
HE WEARS THE  
MASK OF DEATH  
-- A DECAPITATING  
ANIMAL SKULL.

...THESE EVIL DEAD THINGS HAVE YET TO TELL  
THEIR TALES... IT IS UP TO MOSPERATU TO SAY  
WHICH... WHOSE STORY MUST BE TOLD NOW? THE  
RAT'S? THE CAT'S, THE SHARK'S... WHOSE TALE  
NOW?



...YOU...  
...WEREWOLF...  
IT IS YOUR TURN TO  
TELL YOUR TALE...

...I AM FERNANDO DOMA...  
MY TALE IS NOT AN EASY  
ONE TO TELL...  
AS YOU WILL LEARN... AS  
YOU WILL LEARN...

MY TALE IS ONE OF PERSONAL  
ACRONY... AND INCREDIBLE  
TORMENT... FOR...

...WHEN THE DUSK FALLS  
-- SO DOES DEATH...



...THIS BEGINS CHAPTER 4 OF THE SAGA OF  
MOSPERATU

"...IN MADRID THERE IS NOT A MAN ALIVE WHO DOES NOT KNOW THE NAME FERNANDO DOMINGUEZ... BUT IT IS NOT A NAME TO EVOKE HORROR, BUT STRANGELY... RESPECT, FOR UNTIL ONLY RECENTLY I WAS A RESPECTED AND EDUCATED YOUNG SOCIALITE..."



"...MY FATHER HAD MONEY AND POWER -- AND I USED MY INNOCENCE AT THE AGE OF 25 TO ESTABLISH MYSELF AS THE MOST SENSIBLE BRACHIOLO IN THE CITY..."



"ALL WOMEN WERE AT MY FEET - THERE WAS ONE WHO DEMANDED THE SAME  
ATTENTION AS I... ANASTASIA RAVNO... RICH... BEAUTIFUL..."



"...BOUGHT AFTER AS I WAS, I DIDN'T BELIEVE I HAD A CHANCE WITH HER... FOR A MOYNIH AND WEALTHY AMERICAN WAS HER BUTLTER AND CONSTANT COMPANION..."



"...BUT CANACE BROUGHT ANASTASIA AND I TOGETHER. UNDER THE MOONLIGHT, CANACE DECIDED WE WERE DETERMINED FOR ONE ANOTHER'S ARM... AND NOT EVEN HELL COULD PART US ONCE WE DECIDED TO MARRY..."



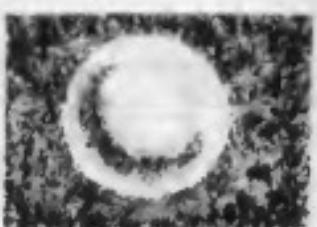
"THE BUTLER OF AMBETHIA TOOK HIS DEATH BADLY... TOOK TO DRINKING AND GROWLING WITH MANY WOMEN... AND WITH A FEW WEEKS BECAME WORTHLESS TO HIMSELF AND THE WORLD..."



"ANASTASIA WAS A STRANGE GIRL... NO ONE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT HER... AND SHE WAS NEVERTHELESS TO TALK TO EVEN ME ABOUT HER. ANST AND HER ORGANISM IT WAS NOT UNTIL A NIGHT THREE WEEKS AFTER WE FIRST FELL IN LOVE THAT I FOUND WHAT SHE WAS..."

"IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT ANASTASIA—A FULL MOON FILLS THE BLACK NIGHT SKY."

"...DO YOU REALIZE THIS IS THE FIRST FULL-MOON WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER—WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER SUCH A SHORT TIME..."





...TOGETHER... FERNANDO  
MY LOVE...  
...TOGETHER... WE SHALL  
LUST AFTER THE VERY  
EARTH ITSELF...



...NOW SHE  
ENJOINED HER  
AFFLICTION AND I  
THANK GOD OR  
SATAN OR  
WHOEVER FOR  
HER SHARING  
THE WOLF-LUST  
WITH ME...



...I HAD BECOME A WEREWOLF... ANASTASIA  
NOW TOLD ME OF HER RUSSIAN ORIGINS AND  
HER AWFUL CHILDHOOD... BUT NOW AS AN  
ADULT THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE...



...FOR  
TOGETHER...  
AS I SOON  
FOUND... OUR  
SATISFACTIONS  
WERE  
MISALIGNMENT...

"...ALMOST ALL THE DAYS OF THE MONTH WE WERE THE VERY TOAST OF MADRID SOCIETY..."

- SALUTE...

"...BUT COME THE NIGHTS OF THE FULL-MOON WE WERE THE TERROR OF ALL-MADRID..."



"THE POLICE TRIED TO DISCOURAGE THE PEOPLE FROM BELIEVING THE AWARDS WE COMMITTED WERE THE ACTS OF WEREWOLVES... 'SUCH SUPERSTITIONS,' THEY SAID, 'WERE IN ANOTHER CENTURY.' THEY MADE TO SAY THAT, FOR IF SOCIETY KNEW THAT REAL WEREWOLVES WERE IN THEIR MIDST, THERE WOULD BE AN ARMAGEDDON..."



"...FIVE MONTHS AFTER OUR MEETING AN ACCIDENT WAS TO OCCUR WHICH BRIEFLY OUR STO..."

A CROSS FELL FROM A CHURCH STEEPLE UPON THE HEAD OF MY BELOVED AMERICA. IRONICALLY NOT WHILE SHE WAS A WEREWOLF, BUT JUST AS WE WERE REUNITING FROM A FESTIVE MEETIN..."



"...BUT AS I WALKED UP TO THE SPOT WHERE THE IRON CROSS HAD BEEN AFFIXED I SAW SOMETHING - IT HAD BEEN NO ACCIDENT - IT WAS THE JEALOUS RETRIBUTION OF A SCORCHED LOVER - THE AMERICAN..."

YOU KILLED  
THE ONLY PERSON  
DEAR TO ME...  
MONSTER...  
MURDERER...



...AND IF I  
CANNOT HAVE HER  
NO-ONE WILL  
I HAD TO  
KILL HER...



"...BUT WHEN I LEFT THE DAIRY TO SEE FOR A LAST TIME MY BELOVED I FOUND POLICE BY HER LIVIN' ROOM."

IT'S AWW...  
THE WEREWOLF...

HE MUST HAVE HUNCHED UP THE POOR GIRL...

"...I WAS ALMOST INSTANTLY SURROUNDED AND OVERWHELMED BY A DOZEN POLICEMEN WHO IMPERATIVELY STRUCK ME WITH THESE HEAVY CLUBS TILL I WAS UNCONSCIOUS..."

"...WHAT HAPPENED THEN I CAN ONLY IMAGINE..."

"...IT'S DAWN... HE'S CHANGING..."

"...THANK THE GOOD LORD... IF PEOPLE SAW THIS MAN AS A WEREWOLF WE WOULD BE SHOCKED FOR SAYING SUCH THINGS COULD NOT EXIST IN THE 20TH CENTURY!"

"...THIS MAN IS THE FAMOUS WEREWOLF OF MADISON..."

"...HE WORE THIS MASK OF A WOLF... BUT UNDERNEATH HE IS AS HUMAN AS YOU OR I..."

"...THEY FASHIONED A WOLF-HEAD OUT OF SOME HARSH MATERIAL, AND WHEN I ADOPTED IT I WAS WEARING IT WHILE THE POLICE WERE MAKING A PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF ME ON TELEVISION..."

"...NOTHING MORE THAN A COMMON MANIAC... NOT A WEREWOLF..."

"...HE IS BEING TAKEN NOW TO THE CITY ASYLUM WHERE HE WILL SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN A LUNATIC'S PADDED CELL..."

"...THAT NAME...  
IN MY CIRCLE...  
I TRIED TO  
REMOVE THE  
THING THEY  
HAD PUT ON MY  
HEAD TO MAKE  
A POOL OF ME.  
BUT SO HELP  
ME LUCIFER,  
NO MATTER WHAT  
I DID I COULD  
NOT GET IT  
OFF...  
THEIR PLAN  
WAS DIVINER!  
THEY HAD MADE  
THE MASK OF  
IRON SO IT  
COULD NOT  
BE REMOVED.  
WHY?..."

"...BECAUSE THEY KNEW--THEY KNEW THAT WHEN THE FULL MOON  
CAUSES IN THOUSANDS THE HYANNON... AND WHEN I CHANGED INTO A  
WEREWOLF MY FEATURES WOULD CHANGE AND MY HEAD WOULD  
EXPAND..."

"...THAT I WOULD BE CRUSHED WITHIN THE IRON HELMET..."

"THAT IS MY  
WRETCHED  
TALE..."

"I CANNOT... MY HEAD  
IS CRUSHED WITHIN..."

"TAKE THE  
HELMET OFF  
NOW..."

"YOU MERELY...  
HAVE TO UNDO...  
THIS TINY LOCK-  
RING...  
AND IT WILL  
COME OFF..."

"...AND THOSE EVIL THINGS THAT  
GATHERED IN THE SIGHT OF  
NOSFERATU LET UP A YELL AND A  
LAUGH THAT SATAN COULD HEAR  
IN HELL--TO SEE THE WRETCHED  
SIGHT OF THE POOR FOOL WITH THE  
SHATTERED HEAD..."

NEXT: ...AND THE GUTTERS RAN WITH BLOOD...

**COMICS  
MAGABRE**

Are there tales of horror in our back issues vault that maybe perhaps just possibly you haven't *—ugh—* seen yet?

A FOR THE VAULT  
**I WAS VAMPIRE HIRE**

**SCREAM**

THE FUNERAL PARADE

THE KID AND THE KILLER  
AND THE BUM RAP

**NIGHTMARE**

THE 13 DEAD THINGS

THE MUSIC GHOSTS

**PSYCHO**

FOR THE VAULT  
**SCREAM**

THE  
**SCREAM LETTERS**

HICKORY  
DICKORY  
DOCK  
WHAT'S ALL  
WATER?

JUNIOR MR. SCREAM! CREEPERS-CRICKLE

(I AM DEAD; I AM BURIED)

BIE MUMMY!

*the day the earth will die!*

ONCE UPON  
A TIME IN  
ALABAMA:  
A HORROR

SATAN DIED  
A BAG OF  
FLEAS

THE MUMMY

the great 1 DEAD!

THE

BACK ISSUES VAULT  
BECKONS  
YOU



did you read

**I, SLIME**

IN SCREAM #1

**HORROR** THE  
SECOND  
PART

IN PSYCHO #7

**THIS GROTESQUE  
GREEN EARTH**

IN NIGHTMARE #15

If you missed any of the *—ugh—* stories *—ugh—* on this page you can still order them... see our back issues ad in this issue and place your order to the keeper of the vault...

READ THE POE  
MASTERPIECE OF HORROR.

# THE TELL-TALE HEART

THE STORY OF A MAN  
DRIVEN MAD BY  
HIS OWN HEART!



PSYCHO